

and I'm still glad I didn't fuck, marry or
date any of those.
they, and those their age, have
largely become so
sad, embittered and
psychotic.

I guess that they started being
positive
so early
that they just wore it all
out.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA: 1984-1985, FORTY-THIRD EDITION
(1985)

"inclusion in which is limited to those individuals who
have demonstrated outstanding achievement in their own
fields of endeavor and who have, thereby, contributed
significantly to the betterment of contemporary society"

and upon the certificate, The Marquis Who's Who Publications
Board embossed in fancy type
the name:

CHARLES BUKAWSKI

well, I've had trouble with my name for some time, and
most of it has come in group situations, a gym class or
various roll calls of that like, and they usually
come up with:

"BERKOWITZ!"

"Here!" I'd answer, knowing from the past who they
meant

but always wondering how they could come up with
"Berkowitz" from "Bukowski"....

people who had never met, people miles and years
apart, who when they looked at the name
"Bukowski" still managed to come up
with:

"BERKOWITZ!"

"Here!"

but ... "BUKAWSKI"

that's a new one

and I suppose it's what I deserve for
contributing significantly to the betterment of
society.

still, it's nice, I guess to
be in

WHO'S WHA INN AMARACA.

FEELING FAIRLY GOOD TONIGHT (1985)

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because the vultures wait to swoop in with their
"I told you so's."

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because the very act of it is the finest balance
against the madness of the
world.

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because it's the best form of self-entertainment
ever
invented.

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because 50 years of heavy drinking have
purified your brain
cells.

Thou shall fail as a writer
upon the night or day of your
death

only to have new books of yours
appear for years afterwards
from the stockpile that your publisher
was never able to keep up
with.

Let it be so:
these words indented into the guts
of
Time.

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

N.B. Wormwood has 84 more unpublished C.B. poems in
stock, so C.B. will appear here through Issue 158.